

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 18.—The MARKISS, hampered by insistence of HARRY CHAPLIN upon resolve to withdraw upon a position of fuller personal freedom in politics, paralysed by determination of GRAND CROSS to rest on his laurels and his pension, bethought him how he might strengthen his Ministry. In the dilemma, like GOLDSMITH'S Traveller, "his heart untravelled fondly turned to home." HATFIELD, the hub of the Universe, the De Beers of intellectual and administrative diamond digging. As the LORD CHANCELLOR says, "Worldly advancement, like charity, should begin at home." Unfortunately for the State, home circle limited. Successive drafts already narrowed it. There remained the Son and Heir.

"Come," said the MARKISS, "let us make him Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs."

Of all subaltern posts in the Administration, this far away the most difficult and delicate. With chief in House of Lords, Under-Secretary is medium of communication between the Department and the public. As compared with his position in Commons, Secretary for State in the Lords has easy berth. Under-Secretary always in evidence, assailed night after night by searching questions.

Difficulty of position illustrated by PRINCE ARTHUR when, ST. JOHN BRODRICK succeeding GEORGE CURZON at the critical outpost, he wrapped him round with peremptory injunction not to be inveigled into attempt to swim without bladders. To meet Questions appearing on paper, Under-Secretary was provided with carefully considered reply written in seclusion of Foreign Office. Mustn't, in any circumstances, be led into supplementing its absence of information.

House always resented this innovation; put up with it perforce; no use arguing against majority of six score and ten. By dint of carefully eschewing reference to specially obnoxious circumstance establishing rule, soreness somewhat healed. Many Members forgotten PRINCE ARTHUR'S autocratic agency; had come to regard the matter as arising upon initiative of Under-Secretary himself, possibly justified by exigencies known at the Foreign Office.

To-night, the familiar episode recurred. Question on paper with relation to Ministers of Allied Powers in Pekin. SON AND HEIR read off answer from manuscript; pressed for further information after manner of twentieth Century, was stricken with diplomatic dumbness.

"Will not the Noble Lord answer?" JOHN DILLON insisted.

Up gat the latest tower of strength

to the Ministry, and ingenuously replied, "The Leader of the House has stated that it is an understanding the Under-Secretary shall not answer Supplementary Questions."

Something Bismarckian in the crude simplicity of this confession, the apparent gratuitous giving away a position. Only, when BISMARCK played the game he always won. Now House flashed forth in blaze of righteous wrath. Was its privilege of full inquiry to be limited at

BANNERMAN. Strong suspicion of hypnotism at work as, when ASQUITH declared himself a convert to annexation; when he insisted war must be carried out to the end; when he agreed forthwith to attempt at planting in conquered States fully equipped machinery of constitutional Government, he always turned round to C.-B., and waving his hand in peculiar manner said, "And that's what my right hon. friend thinks."

C.-B.'s body moved; half opened his



ASQUITH HYPNOTISES "C.-B."

caprice of a Minister? For two hours and a-half debate foamed; on division in crowded House Ministerial majority reduced to 45.

Business done.—Quite a lively night. The Unexpected happened through its long length. No opportunity for preparing long speeches; consequently, House seen at its best in the give-and-take of unpremeditated debate.

Tuesday.—Irish Members had little surprise in store to-night. Still harping on Address. ASQUITH made speech on position of affairs in South Africa that might have been delivered from Treasury Bench. Special charm was it purported to express views and opinions of CAWMELL-

mouth as if about to speak. ASQUITH made another rapid movement with outstretched hand; C.-B. fell back in his seat, what time the Ministerialists cheered, BOB REID glared, Irish Members howled.

After this surprised at nothing, not even when, from Irish camp, uprose a rustic figure remarking:

"A nachdarán, mar Eireannach ó áit go labharthar, gaedilín bláth, fear o nasum go bfuil teanga aici, agus atá fós ag brúin saoirse d-fágáil caithfidh me labairt ins an feis sasanach so in mo thanga fein."

This may have been to the point; obvious difficulty in assuming certainty. SPEAKER, stretching hands forth on elbow of chair, looked aghast; quickly seized

situation; the exile from Erin, forlorn by the banks of Thames, had dropped into his native tongue.

Mr. MURPHY, rising later—"clothed just as I am," he said, proudly drawing attention to his new knock-me-down suit of light tweed—explained, that the gentleman from East Kerry was moved by conviction that "the Irish tongue is the best thing in which Irish Members can make an English government know what they want. Pleeztr edón thetá i lófm y kóte."

"Order! order!" the SPEAKER sternly cried, fearful of fresh incursion of the Irish.

SPEAKER inexorable, and like the harp that once through Tara's Halls the soul of music shed, Mr. O'DONNELL sat as mute in St. STEPHEN'S Halls as if that soul were fled.

*Business done.*—Debate on Address. JOHN AIRD, just back from damming the Nile, took the Oath with a grace and ease that charmed the onlooker. "It's practice, you know," said JOHN, with his usual modesty.

*Thursday.*—When PRINCE ARTHUR unexpectedly rose to follow T. W. RUSSELL in his tirade on Irish Land Question there was general impression that T. W. was about to catch it. Members recalled occasion when the PRINCE turned and rent HENRY HOWORTH, who had not made himself anything like so offensive as T. W., fresh from Ulster, succeeded in doing. Last time T. W. spoke it was from Treasury Bench, where he sat a subaltern in a Government in which landlords predominated. To-night, he rose up from below gangway and, amid rapturous cheers from Land Leaguers opposite, called the landlord accursed.

An odd, sharply-contrasted change; but T. W. had explanation ready. "I have changed," he said, "I admit. But Ireland also has changed."

Concatenation of circumstance, coincidence of date, happy since they synchronised with the MARKISS's intimation that there was no place for T. W. in the reconstructed Ministry.

PRINCE ARTHUR, tossing about on Treasury Bench whilst T. W. fulminated from below gangway, was a changed man when he stood on his feet. Almost dove-like in his attitude towards "my hon. friend"; would not question his motives; would not quote old speeches delivered by him; only regretted that he should adopt a style of oratory which, harmless in the House, might prove disastrous in the inflammable fields of Ulster.

Members felt it wasn't for this PRINCE ARTHUR had at the particular moment interposed. Soon the secret was out. There were threats of revolt in Ulster Camp; PRINCE ARTHUR's business was to nip this in bud by declaring pending vote one of confidence in best of all Govern-

ments. That made clear, Debate might safely be left to shape itself.

*Business done.*—REDMOND aíné moved amendment to Address, demanding establishment of system compulsory land purchase in Ireland. Negatived by 235 votes against 140.

*Friday.*—Still talk of WINSTON CHURCHILL's speech. Much interest pertained to occasion; high expectation; both justified. Fortunate in circumstances attending his *début*. LLOYD GEORGE obligingly bridged latter portion of dinner hour with blatant denunciation of all things British, exaltation of all things Boer. Frantic cheers of Irish sympathisers with England's enemies drew in loungers from the lobby, students from the library, philosophers from the smoking-room. Constant stream of diners-out flowed in.



Reviving "a certain splendid memory."

When young CHURCHILL rose from corner seat of bench behind Ministers, obligingly lent by CAPTAIN TOMMY BOWLES, he faced, and was surrounded by, an audience that filled the Chamber. No friendly cheer greeted his rising. To three-quarters of the audience he was personally unknown. Before he concluded his third sentence he fixed attention, growing keener and kinder when, in reply to whispered question, answer went round that this was RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's son.

Nothing either in voice or manner recalls what WINSTON in delicate touch alluded to as "a certain splendid memory." He has, however, the same command of pointed phrase; the same self-possession verging, perhaps, on self-assurance; the same gift of viewing familiar objects from a new standpoint; the same shrewd, confident judgment. Instantly commanding attention of the House, he maintained it to the end of a discourse wisely brief. Pretty to see SQUIRE OF MALWOOD watching him with pleased, fatherly smile; PRINCE

ARTHUR, with glowing countenance, keenly listening from the opposite bench, doubtless thinking of days that are no more, feeling again the touch of a vanished hand, faintly hearing the sound of a voice that is still.

The Member for SARK remembers over the waste of nearly a quarter of a century GRANDOLPH's maiden speech. He rose from the bench behind that from which WINSTON spoke. In those days he did not assume the prominence of a corner seat, content to find a place somewhere about the middle of the Bench. He had plenty of room to choose, for the House was not half full. The occasion was one of CHARLES DILKE's crusades against small boroughs. In course of his speech he had alluded disrespectfully to Woodstock, the family borough for which GRANDOLPH, not then scorning the ways of ducal cadets, was content to sit. The speech created little attention, save among two or three close observers who recognised the flash of genius in the unconventional utterance. Not the most friendly and sanguine listener dreamt of the future career of the young man who, having made an end of speaking abruptly left the House and was not heard again till after long interval.

Very different fortune attends his son when, twenty-six years later, he makes his maiden speech. WINSTON must see to it that the reversion of circumstance is not followed all along the line. The father began on a low level, and stormed the topmost towers of Ilium. The son springs into notice from a lofty plane, and will be expected to preserve his attitude.

To which end SARK, nothing if not practical, warns him to be chary of contribution to debate, at least, through his first session. Better to have the House of Commons wondering why you don't speak, than marvelling why you do.

*Business done.*—Still talking round Address. Accent chiefly Irish.

#### HERALDIC TALK.

*Three Lions (first quarter).* Can't see what the dragon wants. But perhaps has as much right to be over yonder in the fourth corner as, say, the Irish harp.

*Irish Harp (third quarter).* Ah, be aisy now! And is it the Welsh dragon that's to come anent me! And green, too! Staling the green, me national colour! Another injustice to pore ould Oireland!

*Large Lion (second quarter).* Hoot awa', lassie! Na doot your national colour is jest blue! But we dinna want a bit of a green dragon.

*Three Lions (fourth quarter).* It strikes us that, if we cannot have Wales in our quartering, we can visit our absent colleague in a neighbourly fashion.

[Exeunt to the sign of the "Green Dragon" for refreshment.]



*Swell.* "HERE, BOY! JUST NIP OFF, AND PULL THE GATE OFF THE HINGES, WILL YOU?"

#### TEMPERANCE RESOLUTIONS.

*(Framed with the best intentions by an experienced toper.)*

NEVER again to attempt to open a house door with a corkscrew instead of a latch-key.

To give up assaulting a lamp-post accidentally.

To draw the line strictly in advance of the oblivion-creating last glass.

To remember that soda - and - brandy should never be the necessary substitute for a cup of tea at breakfast time.

To secure accurate pronunciation of the test words "British constitution" at all times.

To maintain a mastery of my perambulations and to refrain from assaulting the pavement with the back of my head.

And, last of all, to determine with all the strength of my will to resist the attractive habit of going to bed in my boots.

#### LATEST FROM MARS.

*(A flimsy picked up in Fleet Street.)*

WE can see all that is happening on earth below and in the dearth of news are delighted to be able to give a little exclusive information.

Theatres up here doing fairly good business. Pantomime on the wane. Under-studies taking the places of principals,

and general reduction in extra ladies. Dresses a little off colour, and shortly will be sold at a reduction for the Provinces.

No alteration in the Bank rate. Few new companies announced. But several good issues (taking back pages) expected after Easter.

War Office up here in an awful state of confusion. Accounts branch requires immediate re-organisation. A few young business men urgently needed to replace fossil officials.

No steamboat service on principal metropolitan river in spite of the efforts of the Local County Council.

All the above—although not unlike the actual position of affairs on earth—is absolutely authentic. This information is the exclusive property of Mr. PENNYER LINER, Butterfly Gardens, late Grub Street.

#### AD MISERICORDIAM.

[It was a common practice among Athenian citizens, in answering a charge, to bring into Court their wives and families with the object of exciting the judicial compassion. An interesting parallel comes from Northampton, where it was stated in mitigation of a charge of assault that accused was the father of thirty-two children.]

SEE where the weeping mother stands!

My two-and-thirty kneel to you,

And twice as many tiny hands

Make passionate appeal to you.



*Boy (on jumping pony).* "NOT SO MUCH OF YOUR 'BOY,' IF YOU PLEASE!"

Behold their four-and-sixty eyes

Suffused with tender dew, my Lord,

And oh, be softened by the sighs

Of these my thirty-two, my Lord!

My case is an exception—No,

The very oldest residents

Can quote no parallel, although

The Scriptures give some precedents.

And if I sometimes take a dram

Like other fathers, who, my Lord,

Can fairly judge my case who am

The Sire of thirty-two, my Lord?

LATEST FROM THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.—Snow, thunder, rain, with intervals of sunshine, moonlight and fog. Passages between Dover and Calais, as well as can be expected. Cones, umbrellas, and parasols hoisted. Furs, muslins, and waterproofs worn till sudden change. Then severe colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.



## DRAMATIC SEQUELS.

## VIII.—THE VENGEANCE OF CASTE.

MOST people, in their day, have wept tears of relief at the ending of T. W. ROBERTSON'S comedy *Caste*, when the Hon. George D'Alroy—not dead, poor chap!—falls into the arms of his wife, Esther, while his father-in-law, Eccles, bestows a drunken benediction upon him before starting for Jersey, and his sister-in-law, Polly, and her adored plumber, Gerridge, embrace sympathetically in the background. In these circumstances it seems hardly kind to add a further act to this harrowing drama. But the writer of Sequels, like Nemesis, is inexorable. If the perusal of the following scene prevents any young subaltern from emulating D'Alroy and marrying a ballet-dancer with a drunken father, it will not have been written in vain.

SCENE—The dining-room of the D'ALROYS' house in the suburbs. Dinner is just over, and GEORGE D'ALROY, in a seedy coat and carpet slippers, is sitting by the fire smoking a pipe. On the other side of the fire sits ESTHER, his wife, darning a sock.

ESTHER. Tired, GEORGE?

GEORGE. Yes.

ESTHER. Had a bad day in the City?

GEORGE. Beastly! I believe I'm the unluckiest beggar in the world. Every stock I touch goes down.

ESTHER. Why don't you give up speculating if you're so unlucky?

GEORGE (hurt). I don't speculate, dear. I invest.

ESTHER. Why don't you give up investing, then? It makes a dreadful hole in our income.

GEORGE. One must do something for one's living.

ESTHER (sighing). What a pity it is you left the Army.

GEORGE. I had to. The regiment wouldn't stand your father. He was always coming to the mess-room when he was drunk, and asking for me. So the Colonel said I'd better send in my papers.

ESTHER (gently). Not drunk, GEORGE.

GEORGE. The Colonel said so. And he was rather a judge.

ESTHER (unable to improve upon the phrase in which, it will be remembered, she was accustomed to excuse her father). Father is a very eccentric man. But a very good man, when you know him.

GEORGE (grimly). If you mean by "eccentric" a man who is always drunk and won't die, he is. Most eccentric!

ESTHER. Hush, dear. After all, he's my father.

GEORGE. That's my objection to him.

ESTHER. I'm afraid you must have lost a great deal of money to-day!

GEORGE. Pretty well. But I've noticed

that retired military men who go into the City invariably do lose money.

ESTHER. Why do they go into the City, then?

GEORGE (gloomily). Why, indeed?

[There is a short pause. GEORGE stares moodily at the fire.]

ESTHER. I had a visit from your mother to-day.

GEORGE. How was she?

ESTHER. Not very well. She has aged sadly in the last few years. Her hair is quite white now.

GEORGE (half to himself). Poor mother, poor mother!

ESTHER. She was very kind. She asked particularly after you, and she saw little GEORGE. (Gently) I think she is getting more reconciled to our marriage.

GEORGE. Do you really, dear? (Looks at her curiously.)

ESTHER. Yes; and I think it's such a good thing. How strange it is that people should attach such importance to class distinctions!

GEORGE. Forgive me, dear, but if you think it strange that the Marquise de St. MAUR does not consider Mr. ECCLES and the GERRIDGES wholly desirable connections I am afraid I cannot agree with you.

ESTHER. Of course, Papa is a very eccentric man—

GEORGE. My dear ESTHER, Mr. ECCLES made his hundred and fifty-sixth appearance in the police-court last week. The fact was made the subject of jocular comment in the cheaper evening papers. The sentence was five shillings or seven days.

ESTHER. Poor Papa felt his position acutely.

GEORGE. Not half so acutely as I did. I paid the five shillings. If only he had consented to remain in Jersey!

ESTHER. But you know Jersey didn't suit him. He was never well there.

GEORGE. He was never sober there. That was the only thing that was the matter with him. No, my love, let us look facts in the face. You are a dear little woman, but your father is detestable, and there is not the smallest ground for hope that my mother will ever be "reconciled" to our marriage as long as she retains her reason.

ESTHER. I suppose father is rather a difficulty.

GEORGE. Yes. He and the GERRIDGES, between them, have made us impossible socially.

ESTHER. What's the matter with the GERRIDGES?

GEORGE. Nothing, except that you always ask them to all our dinner parties. And as gentlepeople have a curious prejudice against sitting down to dinner with a plumber and glazier, it somewhat narrows our circle of acquaintance.

ESTHER. But SAM isn't a working plumber now. He has a shop of his own. Quite a large shop. And their house is just as good as ours. The furniture is better. SAM

bought POLLY a new carpet for the drawing-room only last week. It cost fourteen pounds. And our drawing-room carpet is dreadfully shabby.

GEORGE. I'm glad they're getting on so well. (With a flicker of hope) Do you think there's any chance, as they grow more prosperous, of their "dropping" us?

ESTHER (indignantly). How can you think of such a thing!

GEORGE (sighing). I was afraid not.

ESTHER (enthusiastically). Why, SAM is as kind as can be and so is POLLY. And you know how fond they are of little GEORGE.

GEORGE. Poor child, yes. He has played with their children ever since he could toddle. And what is the result? A Cockney accent that is indescribable.

ESTHER. What does it matter about his accent so long as he is a good boy, and grows up to be a good man?

GEORGE. Ethically, my dear, not at all. But practically, it matters a great deal. It causes me intense physical discomfort. And I think it is killing my mother.

ESTHER. George!

GEORGE. Moreover, when the time comes for him to go to a Public school he will probably be very unhappy in consequence.

ESTHER. Why?

GEORGE. Merely irrational prejudice. Public school boys dislike all deviations from the normal. And to them—happily—a pronounced Cockney accent represents the height of abnormality.

ESTHER (sadly). In spite of our marriage, I'm afraid you're still a worshipper of caste. I thought you turned your back on all that when you married me.

GEORGE. So I did, dear, so I did. But I don't want to commit my son to the same hazardous experiment.

ESTHER. Ah, GEORGE, you don't really love me, or you wouldn't talk like that.

GEORGE. My dear, I love you to distraction. That's exactly the difficulty. I am torn between my devotion to you and my abhorrence of your relations. When your father returned from Jersey, and took a lodging close by us, nothing but the warmth of my affection prevented me from leaving you for ever. He is still here, and so am I. What greater proof could you have of the strength of my attachment?

ESTHER. Poor father! he could not bear to be away from us. And he has grown so fond of little GEORGE! (GEORGE shudders.) Father has a good heart.

GEORGE. I wish he had a stronger head.

[This remark is prompted by the sound of Mr. ECCLES entering the front door, and having a tipsy altercation with the maid.]

MAID (announcing). Mr. ECCLES.

ECCLES (joyously). Evening—hic—me children. Bless you, bless you!



Bernard Partridge.

**"WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE," &c.**

*First Expert.* "I'M AFRAID THERE'S SOMETHING VERY WRONG WITH HIS 'TUBES.'"  
*Second Expert.* "NOT A BIT OF IT! HE'S AS SOUND AS A BELL!"

*Esther.* Good evening, father.

*Eccles.* Won't you—hic—speak to yer old father-in-law, GEORGIE? (*GEORGE says nothing.*) Ah, pride, pride, cruel pride! You come before a fall, you do! (*Lurches heavily against the table, and subsides into a chair.*) Funny that! Almost—hic—seemed as if the proverb was a-coming true that time!

*George (sternly).* How often have I told you, Mr. ECCLES, not to come to this house except when you're sober.

*Eccles (raising his voice in indignant protest).* Shober—hic—perfectly shober! shober as a—hic—judge!

*George.* I'm afraid I can't argue with you as to the precise stage of intoxication in which you find yourself. You had better go home at once.

*Eccles.* Do you hear that ESH—TER? Do you hear that—hic—me child?

*Esther.* Yes, father. I think you had better go home. You're not very well to-night.

*Eccles (rising unsteadily from his chair).* Allri—ESH—TER. I'm goin'. Good ni—GEORGIE.

*George (with the greatest politeness).* Good night, Mr. ECCLES. If you could possibly manage to fall down and break your neck on the way home, I should be infinitely obliged.

*Eccles (beginning to weep).* There's words to address to a loving—hic—farrer-in-law. There's words—(*lurches out*).

*Esther.* I think, GEORGE, you had better see him home. It's not safe for him to be alone in that state.

*George (savagely).* Safe! I don't want him to be safe. Nothing would give me greater satisfaction than to hear he had broken his neck.

*Esther (gently).* But he might meet a policeman, GEORGE.

*George.* Ah, that's another matter. Perhaps I'd better see the beast into a cab.

*Esther (sighing).* Ah, you never understood poor father!

[A crash is heard from the hall as ECCLES lurches heavily and upsets the hat-stand. GEORGE throws up his hands in despair at the wreck of the hall furniture—or, perhaps, at the obtuseness of his wife's last remark—and goes out to call a cab. (*Curtain.*)

ST. J. H.

#### A DIFFICULT FEAT.

MR. CARNEGIE does not like football. He says, "I do not approve of any game in which men stamp upon each other when they are down." Nor do we approve of such practices, nor do we know how it is done—even at football. "For men who are down to stamp upon each other" is clearly a feat which Mr. CARNEGIE alone can explain.

#### THE EMPEROR'S QUANDARY.

[The Emperor of CHINA realises that his future is a diplomatic toss-up. He must pay the indemnity, and have the ringleaders executed. In point of fact, it is—taels he loses, heads we win.]

THE Chinese Emperor knit his brows  
As his ministers came around him  
With servile nods and extravagant bows,  
His LI HUNG CHANGS and his great POW-  
WOWS,  
In a terrible stew they found him.

*He speaks;*

"The Powers are gathered about the Gate  
And around the sacred wall.  
Their anger I cannot one jot abate,  
And I do not like, I am bound to state,  
The look of affairs at all.

"We moved our Court to a quieter spot,  
To think things carefully over.  
But how to get out of our artful plot,  
And how to unravel the Boxer knot,  
Is a thing I can not discover.

I am sure you will hear with great sur-  
prise

That we're stumped for fresh excuses.  
We have come to the end of our list of  
lies,

And the Chinese Puzzle our wit defies.  
In short, it the very deuce is.

For the Powers request an enormous lot  
Of cash, as indemnity,  
And the heads of the leaders of the plot.  
But these gentlemen wire they would  
rather not

With our modest request comply.

Of these two-fold evils we both must  
choose,

As I shall exactly prove.

To accept their terms we cannot refuse,  
But do you not see how we stand to lose  
Whichever the way we move?

We pay the Indemnity: Taels they win.

It is heads we lose if we slay

The great ringleaders. Do you begin  
To see what a terrible plight we're in?

And to think, it's the only way!

#### A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—If DE WET be ever caught I venture to suggest that, instead of sending him to St. Helena or Ceylon, he should be brought to England and handed over to the Master of the Buck-hounds, to be used as a deer in place of the present quadrupeds. What rattling runs he could give over the country round Windsor, and what a saving it would be to country in venison! Even Mr. LABBY, M.P., the deadly opponent of the Buck-hounds, could scarcely object to the King's Boer-hounds.

Yours obediently,

PRACTICAL PETER.

*The Kennels, near Slough.*

#### SHOW-SEEING MADE EASY.

Now that London has tasted blood, so to speak, and expects her weekly feast of pageantry and procession, it may not be amiss to throw out a few hints and suggestions for the greatest happiness of the greatest number of sightseers:—

1. That the pavements shall be scientifi-  
cally and permanently "raked," in the  
theatrical sense, i.e. given a slant of not  
less than twenty degrees down to the  
roadway.

2. That, where the foregoing is imprac-  
ticable, the roadway be raised at least  
three feet, or, better still, be turned into  
an American elevated track.

3. That all police, soldiers and volun-  
teers lining the route, do so *behind*,  
instead of in front of the crowd.

4. That the crowd arrange itself in sizes,  
that is, all the short persons should stand  
in the front rows, it being made a mis-  
demeanour for a tall individual to block  
the view of one of lower stature.

5. That *matinée* hats be ranked as a  
felony, breach of the peace, or *lèse-  
majesté*, according to circumstances. The  
wearers to be instantly removed in  
custody and head-cuffed.

6. That better and safer accommodation  
be provided in trees commanding the line  
of procession—at present, ladies have  
some difficulty in mounting even to the  
lowest branches. Spiral staircases  
round the trunk should therefore be  
constructed, with proper hen-roosts  
where available.

7. That the tops of lamp-posts be made  
more accessible. Occupiers of such an  
excellent vantage ground should no  
longer be discouraged by insecurity of  
tenure and foothold and the attentions  
of the police.

8. That ladies shall not be hoisted on  
gentlemen's shoulders under any pretext  
whatever. Anybody shall be entitled to  
run a pin into the offenders.

9. That babies be left at home, as the  
supply of coroners is limited.

10. That the invention of the lady who  
used a looking-glass on the occasion of  
the Opening of Parliament on February  
14 be developed, and the view be re-  
flected into all the suburbs. This would  
enable people to stay at home.

11. That all processions pass twice over  
the course, on the principle of an over-  
flow meeting. Those who have seen  
the first time to go home at once.

12. That London be entirely rebuilt  
and fitted with decent vistas, à la HAUS-  
MANN.

13. That their Gracious Majesties be  
entreated to open something, Parliament  
for choice, once a week. The Houses  
needn't sit during the interval, as they  
really appear to have outlived their use-  
fulness, except for spectacular purposes.

A. A. S.



## 'VARSIITY VERSES.

## OXFORD ODES.

## VII.

WHEN I delight to fling aside  
*Republic, Frogs and Annals,*  
 And swiftly down to Ifley glide  
 In short and simple flannels;  
 With sported oak your heart still broods  
 Behind its safe defences,  
 Intent on *ROBY* or *The Moods*  
*And Tenses.*

Oars and the oarsman's lusty art,  
 You keep them at a distance,  
 Eights are for you a thing apart,  
 Although my whole existence.  
 How *GYAS* made his bump you know  
 (V. Fifth *Aeneid*); but, Sir,  
 Who caught us yesterday below  
 The Gut,\* Sir?

No boats for you a charm possess  
 Save that which bore *ULYSSES*,  
 To more legitimate, if less  
 Intoxicating kisses—  
 That famous ship the wily one  
 Contrived with axe and adze too,  
 To plough the grey sea waves—and undergrads too.

Who cares a hang for firsts in Greats  
 And academic glory?  
 Dull bookworm, come and see the eights  
 And shut *de Oratore*.  
 Learn what a thing a man may be,  
 And think to win a pewter  
 More splendid than a first, like me,  
 Your tutor.

\* A narrow winding channel of the Isis below the Barges.

## REDINTEGRATIO AMORIS.

["At present the Tube railway was like a new toy, but a time would come when a large proportion of the former omnibus riders would renew their old habit of riding along the streets in the open air in vehicles drawn by a pair of the noble animals provided by Providence for the service of man, rather than in an earthy-smelling tube 100 ft. below the surface of the earth."—*Chairman of the London Road Car Company.*]

WHEN other trips to other parts  
 By ways new-fangled fail,  
 Whose underground nefarious arts  
 No longer shall prevail;  
 And when that route to Turnham Green  
 Shall lose its novelty,  
 And you on Tubes are not so keen—  
 Then you 'll remember me.

When telephone, electric light,  
 Gas and the water main,  
 Break roads no longer, day and night,  
 And traffic's clear again;  
 If, sick of subterranean trains,  
 You'd choose your way to be  
 The method Providence ordains—  
 Then you 'll remember me.

## AN ADDRESS TO THE BRITISH HEN.

[According to Mr. MONTEFIORE BRICE in the *Daily Mail* of Feb. 22, 2,025,820,560 foreign eggs were imported last year, for which five and a half millions of pounds sterling were paid.]

Two thousand million eggs and more  
 In 1900 were imported;

On British chickendom I call,  
 While yet you may escape such  
 dangers!

Why should all Free-Trade prizes fall  
 To strangers?

Be Danes and Muscovites declined  
 And such-like gallinaceous produce,



C. L. STAMPA 1900

*Nervous Visitor* (who is being taken out for a drive by his host's daughter). "ISN'T IT VERY UNSAFE GOING SO FAST DOWN-HILL, MISS DAISY! AND—AND—TO HOLD THE REINS SO—SO LOOSELY?"

*Miss Daisy* (light-heartedly enjoying herself). "IS IT? I DON'T KNOW. I'VE NEVER DRIVEN BEFORE. PAPA WON'T LET ME WHEN HE'S AT HOME. SAYS I'M SO RECKLESS." (*Flicks whip.*) "COME UP, OLD MAN!"

They range from "Fresh" to "New-laid," or

"Assorted."

£5,000,000 of English gold  
 Pays for this alien-sent albumen;  
 JOHN BULL at market's lost his old  
 Acumen.

Wake up, ye hens of England; wake,  
 O retrogressive British peasant!  
 A suicidal course you take  
 At present.

Till at election-time they find  
 An odd use!

Dorkings and Plymouths, every breed!  
 Your country's wealth is going  
 begging;  
 To do your duty now you need  
 An egging!

Back to the land let HODGE return,  
 Each to his own depleted county;  
 Let Britons, not invaders, earn  
 The bounty!

## A BALLAD OF EDWARD GREY.

(After Tennyson's pathetic poem, "Edward Gray"; and with acknowledgments to the author of the famous proposition, here distorted from its original sense:—"Let us bury the hatchet—in the bowels of our enemy!")

[HISTORIC NOTE.—On February 20, Sir ROBERT REID (sympathising with the Boers) presided at a dinner of the Eighty Club given in honour of Sir EDWARD GREY (Imperialist). Pending the time when the clouds should roll by, the Chairman thought it would help to clear the air if he confessed to a marked difference of opinion, on a point of temporary interest, as between himself and the guest of the evening. Sir EDWARD GREY heartily endorsed this sentiment. He further admitted that he had modified his admiration for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's attitude. He deplored that gentleman's tendency to allude to a section of the Liberal Party as Pro-Boers. The Liberal Party was actually a very fine combination, with a remarkable future before it.]

CAUTIOUS HARRIET CAMPBELL-B.

Sat on the fence in her well-known way;  
"And where is your warrior's axe," she said,  
"And have you buried it, EDWARD GREY?"

Cautious HARRIET spoke like that;  
Slightly blushing I looked away;  
"Cautious HARRIET, coals of fire  
Lie on the scalp of EDWARD GREY.

"BERTHA REID was my own true love,  
Liberal both our hearts at core,  
But I was British by taste, and she  
Pro-(as I used to call her)-Boer.

"Wrong I thought her, as she thought me;  
Between our loves was a deadly breach;  
We moved apart in neighbouring plots,  
While you sat tight with a leg in each.

"Winged and khaki'd words I spake,  
Once I suffered myself to say—  
"You are too little an englander  
To suit the habits of EDWARD GREY!"

"Several sporting things I did  
Calculated to cause her pain;  
Even toyed with the lustrous locks  
Of gentle JOSEPHINE CHAMBERLAIN.

"But Wednesday last the Liberal Bond  
Fed in my honour, and hearts were freed;  
And there to welcome me, in the chair,  
Looking her best was BERTHA REID!

"'EDWARD GREY, we differ!' said she;  
'So it would seem,' was my reply;  
'Let us agree to differ,' she said,  
And 'Certainly, BERTHA REID!' said I.

"Steadily fell the coals of fire;  
The course of EDWARD GREY was plain;  
I must contrive to depreciate  
The charms of JOSEPHINE CHAMBERLAIN.

"'I thought her promising once,' I said,  
'But that is my view no more, no more;  
She called my beautiful BERTHA REID  
A rude unmannerly name—pro-Boer!"

"Frank was our laughter over the wine,  
Frankly we spoke in generous vein;  
That night we buried our hatchets in  
The heart of JOSEPHINE CHAMBERLAIN.

"Right through her bosom of triple bronze  
They cleft her heart like a thing of clay;  
There lies the hatchet of BERTHA REID,  
And the similar weapon of EDWARD GREY."

O. S.

## TARTARIN A BRIGHTON.

LE NAUFRAGE.

Le lendemain la brume avait disparu, et le soleil, toujours pâle en Angleterre, brillait entre les nuages. Le vent soufflait rudement.

TARTARIN s'habilla vite, chercha ses amis, les entraîna dehors. "Allons," dit-il, "plus de brume, une bonne brise, tout ce qu'il nous faut, hein? Vite, au port!" Alors les Tarasconnais cherchaient à s'orienter. Ils voyaient toujours la grande promenade et les cailloux de la plage.

"Différemment," demanda TARTARIN, "où est donc le port?" "Probablement," dit BRAVIDA, "il n'y en a pas, comme les antiquités, les monuments, les curiosités de la ville." "Eh bien, alors," répondit TARTARIN, "nous allons nous embarquer dans un de ces petits bateaux sur la plage là-bas." "Impossible," crièrent les autres, "par ce vent."

"Moi, j'irai," dit TARTARIN simplement. "Vous n'osez pas," fit BOMPARD. "Le Président du Yacht Club de Tarascon," répondit l'autre d'un ton sévère, "ne craint rien en mer."

Et là-dessus le héros descendit lentement de la digue, aborda un batelier, et lui fit signe de lancer à la mer une barque à voiles. Cette partie de la plage était abritée par un brise-lame. L'homme obéit sans hésiter, croyant avoir affaire à un marin distingué. Et pendant que TARTARIN attendait tranquillement, PASCALON, les larmes aux yeux, le priait instamment de ne pas risquer sa vie. Mais TARTARIN ne fléchit pas. TARTARIN seul, debout à côté du mât, la tête haute et le regard fier, gardait toujours son calme héroïque. De temps en temps il regardait sa boussole, qu'il tenait à la main.

Poussée par le batelier, la barque glissa dans l'eau, et un instant après TARTARIN se cramponna au mât. Les Tarasconnais, moins inquiets, regardaient le petit bateau traversant l'eau calme à l'abri du brise-lame, et puis ils poussaient des cris d'effroi, car, à quelques mètres de la plage, la barque coula, renversée par les vagues.

Quel moment terrible! Leur illustre président naufragé, ce héros du Midi noyé dans la mer triste et grise du Nord!

Heureusement l'eau n'était pas profonde, le batelier s'y précipita et tira le grand homme hors des vagues. Ruisselant, grelottant, le héros tomba entre les bras de ses camarades. Ils le portèrent à une voiture. Arrivé à l'hôtel il se coucha immédiatement, et demanda, toujours grelottant, des grogs chauds. Il en avala plusieurs et s'endormit.

Le soir il s'éveilla et se leva en sursaut. "Allons," dit-il, "nous pouvons partir, je n'ai plus froid, cette fois je ne meurs pas. Mais tout de même je vous donne ma démission. Je ne serai plus Président du Yacht Club de Tarascon. Je ne serai plus yacktmann. J'en ai soupé. Les montagnes sont dangereuses, les lions sont terribles, mais la mer—zou!—dans un yacht, rien qu'une planche entre vous et la mort—té, vé!—elle me fait peur! J'y renonce à tout jamais. PASCALON, prenez ma boussole, et donnez-la au brave batelier qui m'a sauvé du naufrage. Allons! La note, une voiture! Ça m'effraye toujours, ce bruit de la mer. Vite, à la gare! Pardi, on n'est pas noyé dans les trains au moins!"

Une heure plus tard ils quittaient Brighton.

H. D. B.

HIS WAY OF DOING IT.—Admiral Sir E. R. FREEMANTLE writes the preface to Mr. ARCHIBALD S. HURD's pamphlet "*The British Fleet; is it Efficient and Sufficient?*" From this it is evident that the Admiral is not satisfied with being himself and merely writing, but he wants also to be Hurd.

"ROD AND LINES." Definition.—Having to be swished first, and then having to write out a *pena* of a hundred lines into the bargain. "But," quoth our Etonian, protesting, "such a combination was never heard of!"



## TO THE KING'S PARLIAMENT.

SIRS, you are met—the nation's fate,  
The nation's hopes are in your keeping,  
And you shall sit in high debate  
While those you cater for are sleeping.

'Tis yours to wrack a weary head  
In coming to a grave decision,  
But not to lie at ease in bed  
And be subtracted from division.

And some shall wage the war of words  
With skill, with wit and eke with passion,  
Transforming kindness' milk to curds  
As is the parliamentary fashion.

And some, compelling off the storm  
That agitates the usual teacup,  
Will rant of grievance and reform,  
Being all too swift to rise and speak up.

While others, TOMMIES in the ranks,  
Seen but not heard shall keep their  
places,  
The partisans of leaders' pranks,  
The saviours of their leaders' faces.

The whips shall hurry to and fro,  
Much talk shall be and many a Question;  
New policies shall come and go,  
And all be merged in one congestion.

Of you our knowledge is but short,  
But Parliaments have gone before you  
And steered the ship of State to port,  
Born of the parentage that bore you.

So let us trust, as sure we must,  
When all is said and done and written,  
That, as a fact, your every act  
May honour Great and Greater Britain.

## THE PERFECT LETTER-WRITER.

THE old-fashioned manuals gave examples of very simple letters to relatives and employers, some few specimens of business communications, and no more. The growth of education during the last thirty years and the multiplication of means of travel have so vastly increased the numbers of correspondents that it is now necessary to give examples of letters to personages in high places, to editors of newspapers, to managers of railways, to directors of public institutions, to foreigners, and to others. Many of these letters would be from persons in humble positions, who have been instructed, but not quite to this point, by the Board Schools. Simple forms of letters are now unnecessary. For instance, the first letter, judiciously varied, might be

From a Young Man to his Grandfather, on hearing of the latter's Engagement.

MY DEAR GRANDFATHER, — With the greatest pleasure I have received the news that you are about to be married for the fifth time. When I consider your activity of body, in a bath-chair, and of mind, when expressing your opinion of my Uncle ADOLPHUS, your son-in-law, I may confidently express the hope that you may be as happy with, and may confer as much



Little Griggs (to caricaturist). "BY JOVE, OLD FELLER, I WISH YOU'D BEEN WITH ME THIS MORNING; YOU'D HAVE SEEN SUCH A FUNNY LOOKING CHAP!"

happiness on, my future step-grandmother, as you were with, and did confer on, my grandmother SUSAN, and my step-grandmothers MARY, DORA, and ELAINE. I understand that the lady's name is GWENDOLEN, and that she is nineteen years of age. As I have only seen her once, when, in the absence of your valet, she brought you your evening arrowroot, it would be presumptuous for me to praise her personal appearance; but I may truthfully say that I have rarely noticed any other London housemaid so remarkable as she for a rosy complexion and a roundness of figure, which together would have fascinated RUBENS himself.

With my heartiest congratulations and every good wish, I remain your affectionate grandson,  
THOMAS WROTTUR.

## "NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

(See Edwin Pallander's "Across the Zodiac.")

WHERE wouldst thou roam? Where Neptune's name  
Crowns ADAM's and LEVERRIER's fame?  
'Mid ether where Uranus swings?  
Or poise thyself on Saturn's rings?

'Neath Jupiter's pale moonbeams sleep?  
In Ceres golden harvests reap?  
In Pallas' glades, by Eros' fire,  
Or through the fields of "Martian ire"?

Wouldst stroll by Venus' berg or dell?  
With Mercury's burning sunsets dwell?  
Rather I'd live on Earth serene  
Whose climes have hit the golden mean.



### THE JOYS OF MOTORING.

NO, THIS IS NOT A DREADFUL ACCIDENT. HE IS SIMPLY TIGHTENING A NUT OR SOMETHING, AND SHE IS HOPING HE WON'T BE MUCH LONGER.

#### "IN RE-AWAKENING!"

IN our last week's number, while giving due praise both to Mr. HADDON CHAMBERS for his comedy, and to Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER and his company for their excellent interpretation of it at the St. James's, Mr. *Punch's* Representative took grave exception to the injudicious and quite unnecessary introduction into the dialogue of certain scriptural quotations calculated to make the thoughtless smile, but the judicious grieve. Author and manager, readily admitting the justice of the criticism, at once decided on expunging these lines from the spoken dialogue. This is indeed "The Wisdom of the Wise" at the St. James's. We only refer to the incident, "now closed," in justice to Mr. *Punch's* critic, lest those who see the expurgated edition of *Awakening* should rub their eyes, wondering what exception that hypercritical person could possibly have taken to the witty, dramatic dialogue of Mr. HADDON CHAMBERS' thoroughly well-acted play. One question remains, were these scriptural quotations in the original MS. that was passed by that *Custos Morum*, the Licensor of Plays? We pause for a reply—and we shall continue to pause for some considerable time.

STANDARD CLASSICAL STUDY FOR AN ACTOR.—"Seneca de beneficiis," i.e. "SENECA on 'Benefits.'"

#### DIFFERENT WAYS OF PUTTING IT.

*Cabman (holding up coin to fare).* Is this, Sir, the pecuniary recompense to which you think I am justly entitled?

*Fare.* In truth, honest Charioteer, you have gauged my meaning.

*Cabman.* I am a poor man, but proud. Good morning, Sir.

[Raises his hat and drives off.]

*Cabman (holding up coin to fare).* 'Ere, wot 's this?

*Fare.* A shillin', and you're dear at that.

*Cabman.* Blank! blank! blank! if I don't summons yer hugely carcass before a beak, and that hinstanter. Blank! blank! blank!

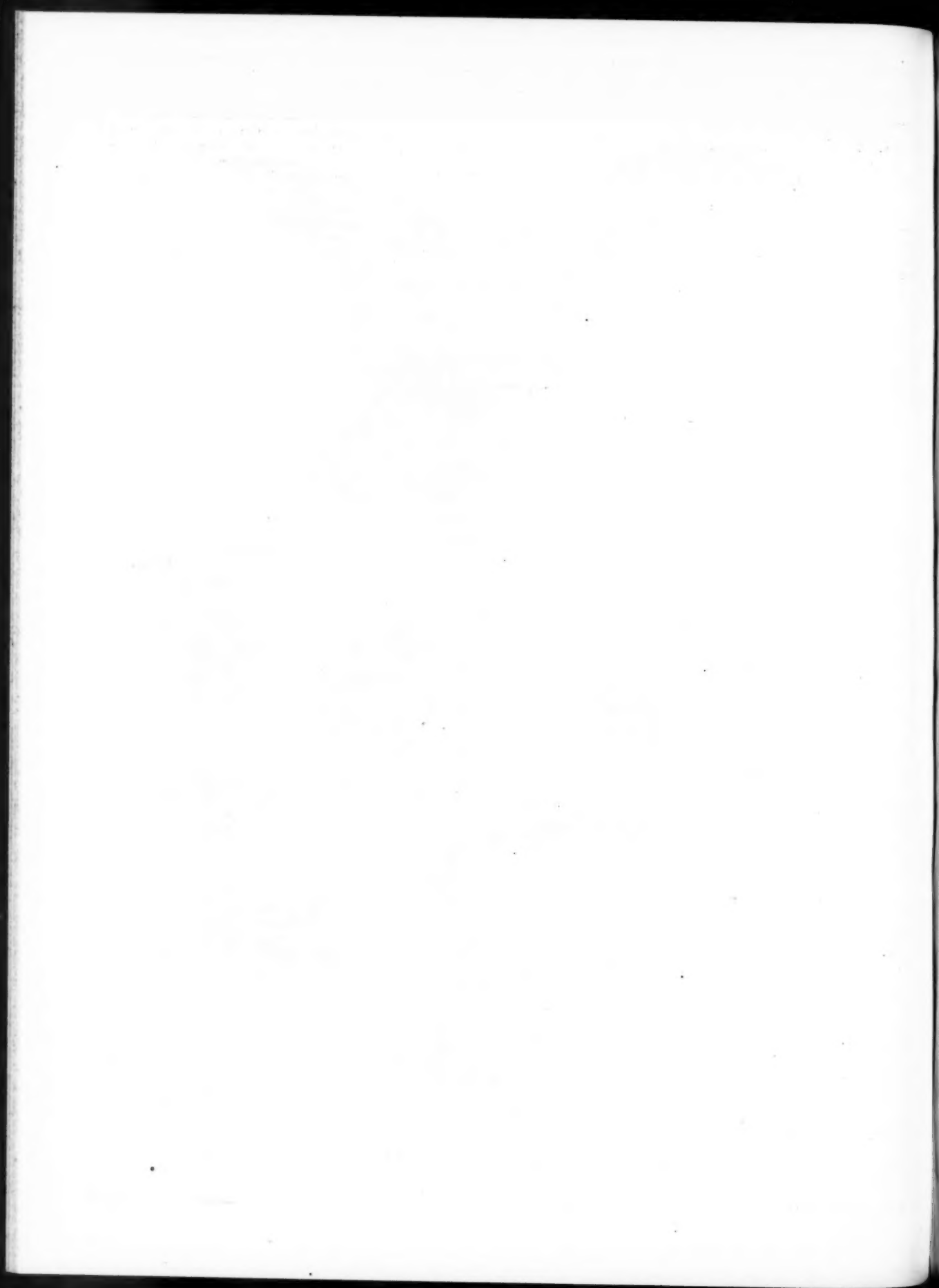
[Driving off, swearing awfully.]

ANOTHER APPLICATION.—A note in the *Daily Telegraph* informs us that the millinery worn in the new piece at the Apollo Theatre, came from the "Maison de Cram, Court Milliners." What an appropriate name for the house of a tutor, who "coaches" pupils for the various "exams."! Just the thing! The *Maison de Cram*!

"TWO SINGLE GENTLEMEN," &c.—The *Westminster Gazette* reported, last week, that a large gathering of Welshmen in the City went to hear a sermon preached by "The Rev. GRIMALDI JONES." Here at last must be the long wished-for combination of Church and Stage! "The Rev. GRIMALDI!"







## LOVE'S LITTLE LIABILITIES.

*Short stories with sad endings.*

## III.—THE LOVE STORY OF AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN.

REGINALD MAINGAY arose out of an attitude of genuflection. His nervous clutch was about the brim of his silk hat, his demeanour the excess of blushing awkwardness.

"Then," he said, in quavering notes. "I'm—I'm not good enough for you? A regular bad penny. Won't have me at any price. I—I shall come into ten thousand a-year, you know."

A strange, dancing light came into the young girl's eye (the right eye, I think).

"It is not that," she said. "Oh, we all have faults, I know. I do not want to be harsh or unkind—but—"

"I see," said REGINALD, dolefully. "I'm a bit of a rip—"

"But you will improve?" said the girl, half-appealingly.

"I will study hard to be more deserving of your love—when you bestow it on me. I'm not worthy of you, but if I had a little encouragement—just the faintest glint of hope," and he paused, and blinked out his pent-up emotion.

BRENDA TEAUCHAMP-MANNERS was a girl of great ambition. She saw in the shy, limp, gauche young man standing with bent knees before her, the making of one of England's heroes. At present he was impossible. But under a woman's refining influence, what wonders might not be wrought. Then ten thous—tush! how our minds run on these sordid details.

BRENDA held out her hand. "In a year and a day," she said dramatically, "I will answer you."

The lover accepted the period of probation, and the young girl who had read of the follies, the undurability, and the ever cropping up of hitherto unconsidered shortcomings in Man, congratulated herself that she, at any rate, would have a husband adaptable to the lightest whim of her feminine fancy. For one year and one day REGINALD would be under her close surveillance, and well she knew that her charms were all sufficient to feed the flame of love in REGINALD MAINGAY's bosom until such time as her good influence had transformed the awkward boy, with his selfishness and objectionable bachelor vices, into an eligible husband.

The year and the day were past, and the lover again crouched in an attitude of supplication before the beautiful and the ambitious BRENDA TEAUCHAMP-MANNERS. He scarcely realised, so mysterious are the workings of love—what a marked change this young girl had effected in him. Even she doubted—the result was so utterly beyond anything her most ambitious hopes had formed.

"You have given up drinking?" she said.

a great flood of memory the recollection of bygone bluffs and jack-pots. Still, for her sake, he had eschewed cards.

"And, REGGY," cooed BRENDA plaintively, "you have given up your horrid clubs, where men sow the first seeds of selfish indulgence?"

REGGY sighed. He had.

"And you don't lose all your loose change betting, REGGY?"

There came a doleful "No."

"And your father has taken you into the firm as a partner?"

"Yes. A full-blown partner."

"And you are working so hard?"

"I'm an absolute busy bee. I'm—" The man paused. Never until this moment had he fully realised what sacrifices he had made on the altar of love. He gazed with wonder and admiration into the radiant face of the young girl, as the full significance of the idea took shape in his mind. He trembled with a mixed emotion when he thought to what a state of perfection he had attained. BRENDA saw the idea battering against the fortification of REGINALD'S mind (being a General's daughter) and fearing a breach, said quickly:

"REGGY, can you doubt my answer? It is 'Yes!' You—you are mine!"

But REGINALD wavered. "BRENDA," he said, "You really think I am a model of virtue and everything a modern husband should be?"

"Yes," replied the girl, a little joyous lilt in her tones. "You are perfect!"

"I think so, too," said MAINGAY, with horrible emphasis. "Miss TEAUCHAMP-MANNERS, you have shown me my true value. I am worth a Duchess—at least!"

Then the ambitious woman saw—alas, too late!—that she had stretched the elasticity of a man's nature to snapping-point. She cried out. But REGINALD had gone.



## A LITTLE IN ADVANCE.

IN THE FUTURE THERE WILL BE NO HARD-AND-FAST LINE BETWEEN THE DEFENSIVE FORCES OF THE COUNTRY—MR. PUNCH IS ENABLED TO GIVE A FORESHORE-TENED PORTRAIT (FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF 1910) OF VICE-GENERAL SIR TAFFRAIL SABRETACHE, COMMANDING THE ROYAL HORSE MARINES.

"For your sake, yes," replied REGINALD.

"I am a confirmed teetotaler."

"And you do not smoke?"

"No. Knowing your aversion to all forms of smoking, I broke off the habit. It was a wrench, but I did it."

"And you never gamble?" enquired BRENDA, hesitatingly.

"Not in any form," he answered. "Much as I am tempted by alluring fluctuations."

"And what about cards, the devil's prayer-book?"

REGINALD had been a great poker-player, and the mention of cards brought back in

QUERIES FOR THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.—Licences permitting bores to talk about golf, hunting and the weather. Taxes on photos, cycles, and powder puffs. Insist upon stamps for circulars, visiting-cards and play bills. Exact the heaviest penalties from amateur scribes who send idiotic articles to editors without enclosing stamped and addressed envelopes for their immediate return.

## WHITECHAPEL TO MAYFAIR.

"At an inquest held in Bethnal Green on the body of a boot-finisher who had hanged himself, it was elicited that the man had to work twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four in order to make 3s. 6d."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

SISTER, I look on your halls of light,  
And I see your children fair  
Arrayed like the lilies, and flashing bright  
From a thousand gems on my dazzled sight;  
I see them dancing the live-long night,  
Like water-flies, free from care.  
I see them satiate sit at meat  
And dally with dainties they cannot eat;  
I see them sow what after years  
Will reap in hunger and burning tears;  
Of every pleasure they drink their fill,  
And lo! their cry is pleasure still.

They heed not, they,  
Who else must pay,  
So long as their life is a merry and gay;  
And care can go  
To Jericho

While the song is sweet and the music low.



Sister, look on this garret bare,  
Look on this rag-strewn bed:  
These blue lips, haggard with want and  
care,  
This frame so meagre and gaunt and bare,  
This poor cold image of starved despair—  
Sister, look on my dead!  
Day and night, night and day,  
My children are toiling their lives away,  
Aching head or aching heart  
Still they must stick to their pitiful part,  
Still they must hammer and cut and  
carve—  
Stop for a day, and the world says,  
"Starve!"

Cease to slave,  
And a pauper's grave  
Is all the poor boon that my sons need  
crave;  
Their song is a sigh  
And their music a cry—  
Sister, tell me the reason why!

HOW TO WRITE FOR PUNCH, THE  
TIMES (OR ANY OTHER PAPER).

(By one who has done it.)

A NUMBER of volumes have been published of late with such titles as *The Complete Guide to Successful Journalism*, *How to write for the Magazines*, etc. But, so far as we know, none of these works contains hints to the innumerable aspirants who wish to write for *Punch*—a task demanding, of course, quite exceptional powers. The following hints on

this important matter are sure to be widely welcomed.

1. The first thing is to find an appropriate subject. There is no difficulty at all about this. Select a well-known joke from any *Jest-Book*, or take one from a back number of *Punch* itself. Perhaps you have been taught that originality is prized by editors; in that case you should compose a ten-thousand-words essay on "Molecular Attraction," or "The Burial Customs of the Ancient Hittites." Nothing like this, as you will justly point out to the Editor, has ever appeared in his periodical, so that he is bound to welcome it.

2. You will then write your article on foreign note-paper, taking care to use both sides. And remember, that an illegible handwriting is a sure sign of genius.

3. With the manuscript you will enclose a lengthy letter, giving a few reasons why the Editor must feel bound to use your contribution. Any one of the following is highly recommended:

(a) That five years ago a letter of yours on the town drainage-system was published by the *Puddleton Gazette*.

(b) That you recently met at a garden-party a man who knew a man whose second-cousin's husband is on nodding-terms with the Editor.

(c) That you have an elderly relation to support, or that your family is very numerous.

(d) That extremely feeble as you believe your contribution to be, it is at least better than anything printed in *Punch* within the last ten years.

4. If you do not get a handsome cheque by return of post, you will write an angry letter to the Editor, demanding the reason of this disgraceful delay. Should he still remain silent, you will follow it up by other letters, varied by abusive postcards. Then you will call three or four times a day for a month at the office, *Mr. Punch's*, *The Times*, or whatever the paper may be that you have honoured, and demand to see the Editor. (N.B.—Towards the end of the month it may be well, as a precautionary measure, to carry a revolver in your pocket.)

5. If, in spite of all these expedients, your contribution fails to appear, you can still tell your friends, with perfect truth, that you "have written for *Punch*," or that you have written for *The Times*, *Post*, *Telegraph*, &c., as the case may be. That *Punch* declined to print your contribution is, after all, an irrelevant detail.

"A Shorter Way."—Address a letter to the Publishers requesting them to forward you a copy of *Punch*, for which you enclose stamped and addressed wrapper. This is "writing for *Punch*" reduced to its very simplest form, and the plan is adaptable to any and every form of journal.

## FROM WEST TO EAST.

(Page from a *Business-Man's Diary*.)

*Monday*.—Attended meeting of Patent Thunderbolt Company. Board perfectly satisfied with manager's report. Didn't understand it. Didn't like to say so. Others understood it, so it must be all right.

*Tuesday*.—Looked in at the gathering of the Antipodean Tube Connecting Syndicate. Man in chair seemed to know something about it. Intelligent man, and clear-headed. Passed him customary vote of confidence.

*Wednesday*.—Appeared at the Board of the Moribund Life Assurance. Rather late for the statement, but in time for the fees. Asked what had been done. Company Director replied "Oh, the usual business." Appeared disappointed at my arrival, as, had I not put in an appearance, Company directors would have divided my fee. Things seem to be going well. Lunched at the Club.

*Thursday*.—Turned up at the Consolidated Spanish Aërial Castle Combination. Report in every way satisfactory, as far I can make out. But I never had a head for figures. However, I quite understand that our "prefs.," i.e. "preference shares," are at a premium, and are expected to go higher.

*Friday*.—Popped into the Board Meeting of the Undiscovered Island Development Company. All going well according to the experts; but I admit, as I said to a companion director, that geography and minerals were never among my strong points at school. By the way, at University never did any geography. Nobody ever did. Quite forgotten if we had any maps.

*Saturday*.—A day off. Vote myself into my arm-chair before fire, and shall take up *Encyclopædia* to get out of it some information as to Thunderbolts, Tubes, Castles-in-Air, geography and mineralogy generally. . . . Can't find *Encyclopædia*—suppose I haven't got one. Old golfing friend calls for me to run down with him to Sandwich Links from Saturday till Monday. Good. Bother Directorates and Directories. All comes right if you don't worry. That's my motto, and a good one. Off. Back in time to get fees on Monday at the meeting of Patent Thunderbolt Company (Limited).



REGULAR IMPOSITIONS.—Mr. GAZE, for America, would impose duty on Russian imports. Thereupon M. WITTE would impose duty on American imports into Russia. Isn't this a striking instance of "Ready Witte"?



## THE MODERN COLOSSUS.

O FABLED Apollo of maritime RHODES,  
If you could behold this Imperial Isle,  
And see who presides o'er our latter-day  
nodes,  
You could not forbear with amusement  
to smile.

Like Atlas of old, on his shoulders he bears  
The burden of state; granting chary  
assent  
To kingly decrees, on his country's affairs,  
Or yielding faint praise with admonish-  
ment blent.

Kings, Emperors, Cæsars some title abate  
To their greatness, beshrouding their  
emblems of power,  
And on his sweet pleasure content are to  
wait,  
Or—haply, beneath his fell anger to  
cower.

Ambassadors, diplomats, plenipots., all  
This Cerberus strive to appease with a  
sop,  
Full knowing his pow'r to procure their  
recall,  
If he, by design or chance, on them  
should drop.

He shows each new Member the path to  
pursue,  
Inculcates his duties, imposes his plan  
Of political action the whole session  
through;  
And trumpets his views from Beersheba  
to Dan.

He lays down the laws for our Naval  
defence:  
His voice through the War-Office echoes  
again;  
He argues his rights with a vigour intense;  
He boos in the theatre with cheerful  
disdain;

O'er vestry, o'er council, o'er newly-made  
movement  
Still does he the wand of authority  
wield;  
He weaves airy webs for some Body's  
improvement;  
The soldier instructs in his duties afield.



And the ha'penny papers without inter-  
mission  
For his favour and nod of approval  
compete.  
The great British Empire is—by kind  
permission  
Of him I refer to—The Man in the  
Street!



Sydney Harvey, 1901

"OH, JANE! JANE! WHAT WILL YOUR MASTER SAY!"  
"WELL, IT AIN'T MY FAULT, MAM—I'M SURE. I DIDN'T SO MUCH AS LOOK AT THE  
THINGS. THEY MUST 'A BEEN SHOOK BY THAT THERE 'ORRID TUBE THAT THEY TALK  
ABOUT!"

SUPREMA LEX BATTERSEÆ  
VOLUNTAS.

[The Borough Council of Battersea demands that  
the Government shall stop the war.]

SEE mighty Battersea arise,  
An awe-inspiring suburb,  
Quite peaceful, save for coarser cries  
Of rabbits or of rhubarb.

(Excuse that rhyme.) This stately place  
Displays its awful power,  
And dooms to dire and deep disgrace  
The Ministers who cower.

Of course they tremble. Dare they stand,  
Like lightning-scorning AJAX,  
Defying Battersea's command,  
And still in office stay Jacks?

Ah, no! The Ministry must fall,  
And not because it blundered,

Unless it can obey the call  
S. W. has thundered.

It can't obey, so what is claimed  
By Battersea is cruel;  
The Government, abashed, ashamed,  
Must die in such a duel.

O Conscript Fathers round that Park  
Where bicyclists go riding,  
To pity's gentle pleading hark  
And cease your angry chiding!

If all the Ministers went out,  
How could you take their places?  
Your valuable time, no doubt,  
Is filled in many cases.

Could you neglect South-Western shops  
To rule the British nation?  
Then leave to others, till it stops,  
That humbler occupation.

## THE EVOLUTION OF A MUSICAL COMEDY.

## CANTO THE SECOND.

Pegasus  
resumeth his  
steady trot.

WE left the authors and composers too,  
But, for a while, the latter have to rest;  
At present there is nothing they can do,  
Though later on for time they may be pressed;  
So your attention let me kindly ask  
For the librettists, in their thankless task.

Thankless, I say, because, as well they know,  
There is so much hard work to do at first,  
Which into nothingness will doubtless go  
As soon as it begins to be rehearsed.  
And, when the shadow of their work remains,  
They get condemned by critics for their pains.

The Libretto.

And here a word in season let me speak:  
Who is to blame, and in a large degree,  
That these librettos are so often weak?  
Surely the unintelligent B. P.  
What use in writing subtle epigram?  
The line that gets most laughter is a "D—n!"  
So then the authors, if they know the ropes,  
Must not rely upon their verbal wit;  
A first-night audience may raise false hopes  
By seeing and appreciating it.  
But afterwards, though some good lines may  
"go,"  
You'll find this is not generally so.



The Scenic  
Artist.

Important to a very large extent  
Is the *locale* wherein they lay their plot;  
It may be one they've chosen to invent,  
Or, on the other hand, it may be not.  
The point is, that the scenic artist gets  
A chance of painting some effective "sets."

The Acts.

The piece will be divided into acts,  
Two in the number most in vogue to-day  
(Though change of dress and scenery distracts  
Attention from the dulness of a play).  
And the finale to the first will be  
The one dramatic opportunity.  
The thread of story in *this sort of play*,  
By song and dance is often being stopped;  
So in the second act, I think it may  
To all intents be absolutely dropped.  
And the *dénouement*—if there's one at all,  
Can take place hurriedly at curtain-fall.

The Scenario  
is completed.

But more of this anon; come, reader, now  
*Revenons à nos moutons* for a bit;  
The authors, rather cramped, yet knowing how  
They must proceed if they would make a hit;  
Working upon the lines I've tried to show,  
Concoct an up-to-date scenario.

When the scenario is complete, the authors will read it to the Manager, who will suggest countless alterations which may or may not coincide with their views. For instance, one of the characters in the piece may be a young girl,—essentially refined and charming.

"Ah!" says the Manager, "just the part for Miss ASTERISK."  
Now, Miss ASTERISK is a sprightly serio-comic from the halls, who has gained popularity by singing *risqué* songs with a cockney accent. Therefore, consternation and expostulation on the part of the authors.

"Nonsense, my boys; she must have the part. Look at the salary I pay her!"

And so on, till the authors abandon many of their fondest

schemes to the necessity of "writing round the cast." However, let us presume that, subject to these trifling alterations, the scenario is approved and the authors are told to "go ahead."

Now are they fairly started on their task,  
The framework of their vessel has been laid;  
But, before very long, they'll have to ask  
The lyric writers for their timely aid.  
Giving them, while the dialogue proceeds,  
Hints as to what each situation needs.

The Lyric  
Writers.

These lyrists must be gentlemen who will  
Adapt their muse to suit the changeable  
times;

Their lyres with sentiment one moment thrill,  
The next, with patter or ingenious rhymes,  
No metrical experiments they shirk,  
So they too, settle down and get to work.

The choruses,—fair sailing have they here,  
Trios, duets, concerted pieces too;  
Some may be "cut" and never used, I fear,  
Others may last the many changes through.  
The songs—well, better leave them for a  
while,

Each artiste must be suited as to style.



The Composers.

Lastly, but not by any means the least,  
Though till the present, idle they have been;  
Helping to flavour this dramatic feast,  
The light composers come upon the scene,  
And, that our homage may appear completer,  
Let's try to welcome them with change of metre.

Whom the  
Poet greeteth  
with a hymn of  
praise.

Hail to each very harmonious gent,  
Prosperous, happy and gay;  
Lords of the *bâton*, by public consent  
Crowned with the branches of bay.  
Weavers of many a catchy refrain,  
Pets of the man in the street they remain;  
Favoured by "royalties" now and again,  
Who so contented as they?



Loud barrel organs all over the land,  
Grind forth their latest success;  
When their *chef d'œuvres* are performed on  
the band  
Clapping is hard to suppress.  
"Things with a tune" that are easy to hum,  
Persons superior call them "tum-tum,"  
Still they appeal to and satisfy some;  
I'm one of those, I confess.

Long may they live and continue to write;  
Sad will the season be, when  
"Scores" of their making shall cease to delight  
Scores of their own fellow-men.  
Let them enjoy their successes to-day,  
As they give airs to the public to play,  
Surely we ought to excuse them, if they  
Give themselves airs now and then!

All the collaborators being thus gathered together, [this masterpiece of musical comedy ought to make rapid progress. The difficulties of "writing round the cast" have been already mentioned. In the next Canto it is proposed to introduce the reader to some types of the *dramatis personæ*, touching on their peculiarities, which it is the author's duty to study closely and endeavour to suit.

P. G.

(To be continued.)

## CUPID AT BANGOR.

[“In consequence of the rustication of two students who infringed the stringent rules that regulate the relationships between the men and women students of Bangor, it is reported the undergraduates have resolved to strike.”—*Daily Paper.*]

*Before the Senate-room.*

*Chorus of Students.*

To worship at the shrine  
Of ever-lovely Venus  
Is nothing, we opine,  
Particularly heinous.  
If *Romeo* has erred  
And punishment betide him,  
We pledge our solemn word  
To stand or fall beside him.

(*Enter Professors from Senate-room.*)

*First Professor.* Friends, Welshmen, students of this famous school—

*First Student.* Hold hard! One line apiece! You know the rule.

*First Prof.* A troublesome, when one has much to say.

*First Student.* Of *Romeo*? Then prithee, fire away!

For once we'll waive the *stichomuthia*.

*First Prof.* Sirs, of your *Romeo* and his offence

We have considered duly, weighing each

Small circumstance that haply might excuse

His so black crime. You murmur. Crime it is,

According to the sacred laws of Bangor,

Where none may court a maid, nay, not so much

As change a word with her, unless the twain

Be formally betrothed. Yet *Romeo*—

Himself denies not—through the streets at eve

Escorted *Juliet*, yea, unblushing, came

E'en to the portals of her hostel here.

For this no palliation can we find,

Nor semblance of excuse why we should stay

The execution of our sentence. Sirs,

Your *Romeo* is banished. (*Uproar.*) *Juliet*

Must also leave the college.

(*Renewed uproar, which finally resolves itself into a chorus of students.*)

You hear? You hear? It's perfectly clear,

Our *Romeo* they banish;

And *Juliet*, too, that adorable Blue,

Has likewise got to vanish.

Oh, shame! Oh, shame! If that is your game,

You may play it, of course, if you like, Sirs;

But, first of all, pray, hear what we have to say—

If you rusticate them, we shall strike, Sirs,

*Profs. (in horror).* You will strike? You will strike?

*Students.* We shall strike, Sirs!

*Chorus of Profs.* *Φεῦ, φεῦ!* What shall we do

If nobody will come near us!

Wo, wo! Where shall we go

If nobody comes to hear us?

*Chorus of Students.* Your lecture rooms will be silent as tombs,

Your voice unheard. Beware us!

Your oldest joke will not provoke

The shade of a smile.

*Profs.*

Oh! spare us!

*Student.* Your lecture will fall on a dead brick wall:

However you may prepare it,

No looked-for applause will greet each clause—

*Profs.*

Enough! we cannot bear it!

*Student.* You yield?

*Profs.*

We do. And what of you?

*Student.* You'll wink at the laws?

*Profs.*

You'll give us applause?

*Student.* You'll forgive the young folks?

*Profs.* You'll laugh at our jokes?

*All.*

We will! we will! we will!

Smile the lips so grimly set,

Laughter takes the place of anger:

*Romeo and Juliet*

Are once again restored to Bangor!

(*Curtain.*)



## VEGETARIAN VERSES.

O MUSE! inflate me with celestial fire,  
Let all my baser particles expire,  
And deign to smile upon me, though the ire  
Of those who drag Old England through the mire  
By slaying beasts to glut a mad desire  
Should overwhelm me with convulsion dire.

How passing mad is man! And who can doubt  
That all his woes, and maladies, from gout  
To mumps, and measles of the German breed,  
Arise from his carnivorousness and greed.

What can create a thief

But beef?

What is it animates the glutton?

Why, mutton.

The murderer sticks his fork

In pork,

And how exceedingly unpleasant

Is he that feasts on pheasant!

If Englishmen are down upon their luck,

Attribute it to duck.

War-clouds above, the atmosphere is murky

Through eating turkey,

And many a suicide selects the fatal cartridge

Through partridge.

What thing supremely stamps this heartless "profit and  
loss" age?

—The awful sausage!

O happy Hindoo!

How I venerate you,

For killing of cattle you wholly eschew,

Which is so much the better I think for the "coo,"

To vary what STEPHENSON said to pooh-pooh

Certain pessimist views which were sadly untrue.

Then the heathen Chinese,

How blessed is he!

Can you picture him peacefully swilling his tea,

And swallowing rice with exuberant glee?

But if he foolishly forsake that diet

No "power" (or set of "powers") can keep him quiet.

Inspired by pig and puppy he will burn

And massacre and slay at every turn;

So, gentle reader, be advised, and shun

All food that's more exciting than a bun;

Intoxicating flesh, you may have gleaned,

Will speedily transform you to a fiend.

Be warned in time, and try the better plan

Of turning to a vegetar-i-an.

The soul upon the tender cabbage reared

Is certain to be honoured, loved, revered!



## QUESTIONS IN THE HOUSE.

Mr. O'DONNELL tried to set a new fashion of bi-lingual debates. A greater diversity would be obtained if each Member spoke, to the best of his ability, in any language he had studied, somewhat as follows:—

Mr. Gibson Bowles. Señor, la posicion de los docks de Gibraltar no es buena, pero mucho estúpida. Porque hacer los docks allí?

liberali è un voto dato ai Boeri! Senza dubbio è vero, per Bacco!

Mr. Lecky. Vir præclarissime, loquor



ponere. Cur non facere linguam latinam obligatoriam in Africa meridionale?

Sir Cuthbert Quilter. Herr SPRECHER, wenn echtes, gesundes Bier in England nicht zu kaufen ist, warum bringt man nicht Bier aus Deutschland?

Lord Cranborne. Mwango bango ngogo mballamballa ntobo nwanga wa. [This speech is in accordance with the edict of the Leader of the House, directing that, in order to avoid diplomatic complications, all answers by the Under-Secretary



"YE IDES OF MARCH ARE COME"; OR, ROME DURING YE CENSUS.

From a rare old frieze out of Ye British Museum.

Sir E. Ashmead Bartlett. Chin, chin. Me no speakeo Inglis. Me wishee ask Secletarly for Foleign Devils—beg pardon, Foleign Affairs—when Inglismen getee be number one topside in Chinn and makee Lussia kow-tow chop, chop?

Mr. Labouchere. Mijnheer, ik wil vragen, heeft mijn vriend DE WET bagged Lord KITCHENER yet?

Mr. Chamberlain. Mi seusi, Signor Parlatore, questo onorevole signor è un Pro-Boer. Diavolo, ogni voto dato ai

linguam latinam, semper lectam et locutam in universitatibus. Sum membrum unæ universitati. Nunc volo interrogationem



for Foreign Affairs shall be in the Kaffir language.]

Mr. Balfour. Monsieur le Parleur, à l'instar de mon illustre ami, le Marquis de LANSDOWNE tous les ministres parlent français. Le discours de mon très honoré confrère le Sous-Secrétaire des Affaires Étrangères, discours à la fois bref et éloquent, simple et lumineux, explique à merveille les intentions du gouvernement. Après cet exposé admirablement raisonné je n'ai rien à dire. H. D. B.